

condition of the country, but cannot see that anybody is hurt, that anybody is suffering. He cannot comprehend how four millions of property can be forever excluded by the strong arm of power from equal rights in common territories, under an equal Constitution and equal laws, and be injured. His political reflections have never been turned to that grave problem. He seems never to have perceived how a majority in a representative republican government could, on becoming permanent, become tyrannical, and how a minority may be thereby degraded and oppressed. These ideas were not set down in his manual of statesmanship.

On the other hand, Mr. Davis left his home two or three days later, for Montgomery, where he is to assume the Executive control of the "Confederate States of America"—which means that he is to engineer an experiment to build up a new government. He makes no stops except the usual few minutes at railway stations. At most of these the people gather around the cars, shout, throw up their hats, sometimes fire a salute, and if it is night the few houses around have some extra lights stuck about the windows. Mr. Davis appears on the platform, bows politely, and in a very few sentences tells the people what he means to do. He dismisses all questions but the main one in hand, and that is to go on with the experiment, complete the machine, and maintain the new government against all disputes in every form and at every hazard. He seems not to expect peace, and with a boldness and directness becoming the occasion, tells the people that he will carry the war where it is easy to advance—to the densely populated cities, where there is food for the sword and the torch. If they come down to spoil his fields and his crops, he will grow them over again; but their citizens cannot rise again so easily—the grass will grow where the pavements are worn off by the feet of commerce. England will recognize the Confederate States, and a glorious future awaits them. He is for peace, he even hopes for peace, but is none the less prepared for war. And with this the locomotive whistles, he bows, replaces his hat, and speeds on his way to Montgomery—leaving nobody in doubt as to what he means.

Thus the two men progress to the respective east of their care and responsibility. Mr. Lincoln goes by short stages, a circuitous route, with frequent rests. He eats his meals leisurely, sleeps comfortably, and goes as to a festival of ease and pleasure. Davis goes the shortest route, with all the speed of steam, sprinkles his steak with pepper, and with it gulps a cup of coffee, doesn't sleep at all, and goes directly forward to his post, as to a scene of labor and of danger. Lincoln has no business in Washington before getting there—Davis has immediate and urgent business in Montgomery, and he goes like an earnest man to attend to it. Lincoln is tedious—Davis as swift steam.

If there is anybody in the country who thinks the "Confederate States of America" are not in earnest, he had as well review that opinion, and accept things as they are.

## A RAILROAD DIALOGUE.

THE TANKER LEDDER AND THE SOUTHERNER.

The following conversation took place on the cars of the New Haven Railroad shortly after the November election. One of the speakers was a peculiar looking man, with a thin, pale face, thin lips, sharp black eyes, a quantity of long, black-and-gray hair hanging from his chin and around his mouth, and also about his ears and behind a slouched black felt hat—evidently a character. He held a little parcel in his hand, wrapped in brown paper. The other person, who sat a few seats ahead on it, on the cushion, thus commenced:

A. "Good morning, Captain; how are you?"  
B. "Very well, how are you?"  
A. "Tolerable. Been down South?"  
B. "Yes."  
A. "Going home?"  
B. "Yes."  
A. "Going down again this winter?"  
B. "Yes, if the damned abolitionists don't kick up such a bobby that it won't be pleasant."  
A. "I guess they won't" (and opening his bundle he showed the Captain a small imitation bronze head.) "Captain that's a fine head; you don't see one such in a thousand. That's a great head."

B. "Whose is it?"  
A. "Why, that's the likeness of John Brown—a great man he was."  
B. "He got hung, didn't he?"  
A. "Wall, yes, but that don't argue anything against him; a great many good men got hung; the first straight-forward man in a cause, like John Brown, are apt to get hung. Benedict Arnold didn't get hung, though I suppose you'd allow he ought to; no, it's your honest men in good causes that's apt to get hung. Traitors and such like generally employ a good, smart lawyer, like Judge Roosevelt, Caleb Cushing or Rufus Choate (though he's dead now), and they generally get clear, especially if there's a nigger in the case."

B. "Do you know what I'd do if you brought that thing into my store to sell?"  
A. "No; what would you?"  
B. "If you didn't go out quick I'd kick you."  
A. "Would you? I wouldn't come, then; but it's a great head, Captain."  
B. "Why don't you go down South and talk so?"

A. "When I hunt such varmints, I hunt with a long gun and coarse shot."  
B. "If you did go, they would kill you in less than twenty-four hours. The slaves themselves would kill you."

A. "I don't doubt they might, if they are as degraded as some of their masters. I don't doubt a slave might get so degraded by association that he'd kill a man that came to set him free."

B. "I'd sooner live down there than among you damned abolitionists."

A. "I've no sort of objections, if you like it, but I'd rather stay here. Perhaps you'd like to work on a rice plantation for your virtuous and chivalric, and rise in all the children you could raise."

B. "White men can't work on the rice plantations; none but niggers can do it."

A. "Well, I held that if there is a place on God Almighty's earth that's so bad that a white man can't live there, and a nigger is willing to work there, he is entitled to a dollar a day at least, and to own all the children he can raise in such a cursed place. I want to see a change about now and then; I want the masters to stay at home and

raise cotton in the summer and let their slaves go to Saratoga Springs, say once in seven years. I think they'd work the better for it."

B. "The niggers are a great deal better off as slaves; it would be better for them all to be there, and they'd all be contented, if it wasn't for the abolitionists."

A. "Maybe they would, but they don't seem to want to go back much when they get away.—There was a real likely chap got in our village, somehow or other, the other day, and there was a parcel of fellows holding your opinion—kind of Charles O'Connor men; so they got track on him, and they concluded he be so much better they'd catch him and send him back; they didn't expect any reward, of course. Well, he saw they were after him, and he started for the meeting house, thinking they wouldn't go into the meeting house, even to catch a nigger; but he was mistaken; they weren't loafers, they were go-to-meeting folks, and they knew the meeting house better than he did, and in they went, close to his heels; he didn't know which way to go, so up stairs he went, and they after him, and when he found they had him he made a pitiful head-foremost right through the window glass, and ash and all, and down he went about twenty feet; but somehow he lit on his feet, and he made tracks; some cut round the face, of course. Well, they didn't like to follow him through that window, no more than the British did old Put down them rocks near Stamford; so down they came to the door to renew the chase, but I happened to arrive just then with my fellows. Hallo, says I, what's the matter? We're after that runaway nigger, says they; he don't seem to want to go back much. Says I, just show me your warrant for catching him, says I, cause you see, says I, there's more of us than there is of you, and I've a notion that we've just as good a right to keep you in the station-house without a warrant as you have to catch that nigger without one. Well, they had no warrant, and I calculate that feller is safe in Canada now. Good-bye, Captain, sorry to leave you, but get to stop here. That's a great head, though, Captain!"—Evening Post.

From the Correspondence of the N. Y. Post.

## FORT SUMTER.

PROBABILITY OF AN ATTACK ON FORT SUMTER.

On the probability of an attack upon Fort Sumter, I might simply reiterate my convictions as expressed in former letters. The Governor and better class of revolutionists yet cling to the hope that it may be obtained by negotiation, demand or purchase—that the federal government will "not be mad enough" to insist on retaining its own property at the cost of certain civil war. The Rhetoric party—only a clique, mind, though an influential one—would prefer a fight, whatever the result might be, for these reasons:

The irretrievable commitment of the seceded states to hostility to the United States government. They could not allow South Carolina to oppose its arms unaided, and blood once spilt, there would be no possibility of withdrawal, of which, at present, there is some doubt in the case of Georgia and Alabama. The possibility that the border states might be stimulated into sympathy, or their interests so materially effected as to compel their siding with the South.

A belief that a war is necessary to establish the Southern Confederacy in the eyes of Europe. I need scarcely say that the troops, without understanding or caring to understand the preceding reasons, are all for assaulting Fort Sumter. They think that the honor of their state demands the pulling down of the stars and stripes, and, as Wellington said of his young soldiers, will "rush to death as to a dance" in the attempt. It is very possible that these words may excite a "pooh" or "pahaw," but the men are in earnest, and have pluck enough to render any cause formidable.

I infer, then, that if Fort Sumter cannot be obtained peacefully, that it will be attempted martially, directly the floating battery is finished. It has its sides completed, and will presently be flooded. The negro carpenters do not work very industriously.

In the meantime, how is it with brave Major Anderson and his devoted little band? Accident has enabled me to inform you. Every word that I write is, as near as I can recollect, from the lips of a recent eye-witness.

The garrison, mostly Irishmen, have been working night and day completing the fortifications, at the period of their occupation in such an imperfect state that they could not have resisted an attack, had one been made by the Charlestonians. The main doorway is built up so that two men cannot walk abreast through it; one armed with a revolver or bowie knife defend it against a hundred assailants, supposing he were not shot himself. Just within, opposite the door, is a huge mortar. The stones on the wharf have been removed to strengthen the weak side of the fort. There are piles of hand grenades ready for use. The lower casemates have been closed fast, the guns shotted, piles of grape and canister placed beside them. The Major looks harassed and wan, but perfectly resolute; he can talk of nothing but the fort and his position; he admits that he dreams of it by night—when he sleeps. He deplores the responsibility forced upon him, admits that his sympathies are with the South, but declares that first of all, he is a United States officer. He objects to his endorsement by abolition journals, declares that they publish forged letters attributed to himself and his officers. His men are all faithful and resolute, in perfect military discipline; they never grumbled or mutinied—all stories to that effect being unmitigated lies. They look haggard and worn, and preserve a strict silence when questioned. They do not now expect to be reinforced. Major Anderson still hopes the business may be settled without bloodshed. But he will defend himself to the last, if attacked. Such, three nights ago, was the internal aspect of Fort Sumter.

## COMPLIMENTARY TO MARSHAL JOHNSON, AND TO CONDUCTOR W. C. CLELAND.

WHEELING, Feb. 15, 1861.

Matthew Johnson, Esq., U. S. Marshal for the Northern District of Ohio:

Sir:—By the request of the City Council of Wheeling, I have the honor to transmit you the enclosed copy of a preamble and resolution, adopted unanimously at the last session of that body.

It affords me great pleasure to convey to you an expression of the sentiments of admiration entertained by this community for your prompt, energetic and efficient services in the execution of the laws under the Constitution of the United States, in the case of the fugitive slave Lucy.

The firm support given you by the citizens of Cleveland in the discharge of your duty in the enforcement of a law objected to by many of the people of the North, is an evidence of a determination

to secure to their Southern brethren their just rights under the Constitution, and is worthy of all praise and imitation, and cannot, and will not, fail to go far towards procuring a speedy and satisfactory settlement of the questions now distracting our beloved country, and threatening the destruction of the Union.

Fully coinciding with the sentiment and object of the preamble and resolution, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A. J. SWEENEY, Mayor.

## RESOLUTIONS OF THE COUNCIL OF WHEELING.

WHEREAS, In the present unhappy condition of our country, produced by sectional controversies concerning the institution of slavery, the Council deems it proper to make special acknowledgment of an instance of fidelity to the constitutional obligations of the North in the conduct of Northern citizens and officers, to the end that sentiments of harmony among the States may be fostered.

AND WHEREAS, The Council is informed that a citizen of Wheeling, in reclaiming a fugitive from his service, has recently, at the City of Cleveland, Ohio, and on his return from that place to Wheeling through the State of Ohio, received prompt and efficient aid, according to the Constitution and laws, and to the duty of comity between citizens of different States of the Union; and especially that Matthew Johnson, Marshal of the United States for the Northern District of Ohio, and W. C. Cleland, a conductor on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, exerted themselves with intelligence, vigilance, and courage, to baffie the operations of all opponents, and to secure the return of said fugitive to Virginia;

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED BY THE COUNCIL, That the thanks of the City of Wheeling are hereby tendered to the said Matthew Johnson and W. C. Cleland, and to all other citizens of Ohio, who have in like manner given proof of their good will towards this State, and their fidelity to the Constitution which binds the States together.

Passed, February 12th, 1861.

A. J. SWEENEY, Mayor.

JACOB BURKE, Clerk.

[A copy of above resolutions was also sent to Mr. Cleland, accompanied with a letter as follows:]

WHEELING, Feb. 15th, 1861.

W. C. Cleland, Esq., Conductor C. & P. R. R.

Sir:—By the request of the City Council of Wheeling, I have the honor to transmit to you the enclosed copy of a preamble and resolution, adopted unanimously at the last session of that body.

It affords me great pleasure to convey to you an expression of the sentiments of admiration entertained by this community for the promptness and decision manifested by you in protecting your train, having on board citizens of Virginia, securing, under the laws, the return of the fugitive slave Lucy.

Fully coinciding with the sentiment and object of the resolution and preamble, I am, sir, your obedient servant.

A. J. SWEENEY, Mayor.

From the Chicago Times Feb. 21.

## THE DESIGN OF REDPATH, JOHN BROWN JR., FRED DOUGLASS, &amp; A NEGRO ARMY TO BE FORMED—DARING SCHEME.

There are many facts which go to show that a daring scheme is on foot among the free negro population of the Northern States and the Canada; that, under the direction of such turbulent agitators as Redpath, Fred Douglass, and young John Brown, on whose shoulders has fallen most fully the mantle of his father's blood-thirsty fanaticism, they are proposing to take advantage of the first outbreak of war to consummate a raid upon the South in which all the horrors contemplated by John Brown, Jr., will find their full realization. A few of the facts leading to this conclusion have been already given by us, and others have been furnished us by a gentleman whose source of information is very near headquarters. The facts already alluded to in this paper from time to time are, some of them, as follows: The presence of Gerrit Smith and other agitators in Canada, and the threatening language reported as held by them there; the movements of the notorious Redpath, who has been flitting like a spirit of evil all over the land for the past few months—now in Kansas, now in Canada, now on a mysterious voyage by sea, bound, in the opinion of some, for the coast of Georgia or Florida, and turning up unexpectedly in Hayti; John Brown, Jr., among the negroes in Canada, eating, living and sleeping with them, and using his efforts to persuade them into some scheme the purpose of which can only be guessed; letters have appeared in various Northern papers intimating that the negroes of Canada were arming with a view to the invasion of the South,—that they only awaited the declaration of war to take up their line of march, and that they feared nothing so much as compromise, and hope for nothing so much as coercion. These, and other facts which have at different times transpired, furnish ground for serious apprehension.

That this apprehension is well founded, we have reason to believe from additional information received by us yesterday. Monmouth, Illinois, is in this State, one of the foci of the eccentricity of Abolitionism—it is noted for the almost unanimity of its radical sentiment, and matters which, even in Chicago, would be told and talked of only in whispers, are there discussed with impunity, being considered all *en famille*. We are informed by a gentleman, a Democrat of that city, that he is not secret there that such a movement as that above intimated is fully determined on. In fact, many of the details are given with a circumstantiality that leaves little room for doubt. A prominent Abolitionist of that place, who is in correspondence with the plotters all over the country, says openly that an army of 8,000 Northern negroes, armed, equipped and well drilled, is ready to march at a moment's warning, and can be concentrated in forty-eight hours at any available point on the border; that they are in sympathy and concert with the free negroes of Canada, who will furnish several thousand more; that the men who are at the head of this movement are, ostensibly, Redpath, Fred Douglass, and John Brown, Jr., but that their objects are known to and sympathized with by prominent Abolitionists of the North, and particularly of the Northwest, in and out of Congress; that the mission of Redpath to Hayti is for the purpose of obtaining assistance in his scheme from President Guffard, and sounding the negroes of that island with a view to raising an army there; that the plan of these gentlemen is to strike the slave line, with their colored cohorts, somewhere in the neighborhood of the Mississippi, march in a body and directly for the Gulf, through the portions of the South most thickly populated with slaves, stir up insurrections among these as

they go, force or induce the slaves to join them, pillage, plunder, murder and burn,—leaving their track as desolate as the desert and black with ruin; reaching the Gulf, they will veer to the Southwest, ravage the Gulf coast, pass through Texas, skirt along the Mexican coast, and make themselves a home in Central America, where they are prospecting for the location of their colony.

## ETHAN SPIKE'S PLAN OF COMPROMISE.

Ethan Spike, the regular successor to Major Downing, has issued his plan of compromise, which he proposes to send to Washington by the hands of George Lunt, of the Boston Courier. The essential items of the plan are: "The removal of the Missouri line as far north as the St. Lawrence river, all south of that to be devoted to slavery; a declaration by the Republicans that they are sorry they elected Lincoln and are willing to be forgiven; the public burning of the Chicago platform, and such portions of the Bible as seem to conflict with slavery; the removal of Bunker Hill Monument to South Carolina; the immediate massacre of all free negroes in the Northern States; the perpetual banishment of Garrison, Phillips, Abby Foster, Daniel Pratt, Mrs. Bloomer, and Caleb Cushing, to Liberia; *E Pluribus Unum* to be amended so as to read *E Pluribus Carolina*; the turkey buzzard to be substituted for the American eagle; Major Anderson to be hung; the stars to be obliterated from the national ensign and a bale of cotton to be substituted; Howell Cobb to be proclaimed President, and Gov. Floyd Secretary of the Treasury; only two newspapers to be allowed in the Free States—the New York Day Book and the Eastern Argus; the New England pulpit to be controlled by Censors appointed by Senator Wigfall; the old hats of Irwin, Jeff. Davis and Yancey, shall be set up in the market places of the more rebellious Northern cities, and every person refusing obedience shall have his nose flattened, be painted black and sold into slavery. If after this liberal offer our Southern brethren shall continue contumacious and insist upon cutting our throats, then, in the spirit of '76, let us muster in our strength and—run away."

"CIVIL WAR WILL BE ABOLITION." A special dispatch to the Times says that on Thursday night, after Mr. Lincoln retired, he was aroused and informed that a stranger desired to see him on a matter of life or death. He declined to admit him unless he gave his name, which he did at once. Such prestige did the name carry that while Mr. L. was yet disrobed, he granted an interview to the caller. A prolonged conversation elicited the fact that an organized body of men had determined that Mr. L. should not be inaugurated, and that he should never leave the city of Baltimore alive, if indeed he ever entered it. The list of the names of the conspirators presented a most astonishing array of persons high in Southern confidence, and some whose names are known not to this country alone. Statesmen laid the plans, bankers endorsed it, and adventurers were to carry it into effect, as they understood Mr. L. was to leave Harrisburg at 9 o'clock this morning by special train, and the idea was, if possible, to throw the train from the road, at some point where they could rush down a steep embankment, and destroy, in a moment, the lives of all on board. In case of failure of this project, their plan was to surround the carriage on the way from depot to depot in Baltimore, and assassinate him with dagger or pistol shot.

So authentic was the source through which the information was obtained, that Mr. L., after consulting with his friends, was compelled to make arrangements that would enable him to subvert the plans of his enemies.

Greatly to the annoyance of those who desired to call on him last night, he declined to give a reception.

The final council was held at 8 o'clock. Mr. Lincoln did not want to yield, and Col. Sumner actually cried with indignation, but Mrs. Lincoln, seconded by Mr. Judd and Mr. L.'s original informant, insisted upon it, and at 9 o'clock Mr. Lincoln left on a special train.

He wore a Scotch plaid and a very long military cloak, so that he was entirely unrecognizable. Accompanied by Supt. Lewis and one friend, he started, while all the town, with the exception of Mrs. Lincoln, Col. Sumner, Mr. Judd, and two reporters, who were sworn to secrecy, supposed him to be asleep.

The telegraph wires were put beyond the reach of any one who might desire to use them.

## THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

The underground Railroad, as is well known, is the phrase popularly used to designate the secret means of conveyance by which Northern abolitionists transport slaves from the South, sometimes into the Northern States, but more commonly into Canada. It is said to have received its name from the exclamation of a Kentucky slave owner, who, having lost all track of an escaped slave on the other side of the Ohio, said with an oath: "The abolitionists must have a railway under the ground by which they run off niggers." The Rev. W. M. Mitchell, of Toronto, has published in England a book on this subject; the book itself we have not seen, but we glean a few facts from one or two notices of it.

Mr. Mitchell is a native of North Carolina. His father was a negro, and his mother an Indian woman. He was thus born free, and always remained free. He was apprenticed to a planter, and spent twelve years among the slaves of a plantation, during the last five years as their manager and driver. His convictions against slavery having grown very strong, he became one of the most active helpers of escaped slaves across the United States. This was his employment from 1843 to 1855. Since then he has resided in Canada, devoting himself to the spiritual and temporal interests of the fugitives.

If Mr. Mitchell's statistics be correct, no less than twelve hundred slaves are annually conveyed into Canada; though we cannot but be incredulous as to the amount. They are taken from one friend to another, and only by night, until the borders of Canada are reached. Six to twelve miles are the ordinary journey of a single night. Of course such a system must embrace a great many persons, and have an organization not unlike that of a postal department; and we cannot wonder at the amount of irritation and exasperation it has produced at the South, and that it forms an important item in the list of grievances which the South records against the North.

In Canada it is estimated that there are now forty-five thousand fugitive slaves from the United States. The negroes are a gregarious race, and they are disposed to settle in villages and towns, and to cling together. They are said to be better farmers than the Irish, or even the Canadian

French. The thousand fugitive slaves in Toronto wash linen, make shirts, are bricklayers, carpenters, blacksmiths, painters, &c. There are six colored grocers in the town; and there is one colored physician. One fugitive slave is worth a hundred thousand dollars. But the best quarters of the negro race in Canada is Chatham, on the Thames. Of its population of six thousand, two thousand are colored. Of the material prosperity, as well as of the moral worth of the negro race in Canada, we have conflicting accounts; not naturally enough, as each man's report is colored by his prepossessions. An accurate and unbiased statement of their moral, social, material, and sanitary condition would be of considerable value. We should be surprised to learn that this topical race threw well in the rigorous climate of Canada.

No wise and reflecting man can approve of the underground railroad; and yet, as so many men derive their motives solely from their sentimentality, it is easy to see that it is not likely to stop or lessen its operations. It is well for the mistake men at the South, who are advocating disunion, to reflect what the result will be if the Canada frontier should be brought down to Mason and Dixon's line, and the fervid zeal of unreflecting philanthropy should be stimulated by the infinitely greater facilities which would then be had, both for enticing and abducting fugitives.—Boston Courier.

From the Ohio State Journal.

## DYING AT THE FLAG STAFF.

We are sorry to learn from the telegraph that the garrison of Fort Kearney have given out that sooner than let the stars and stripes be hauled down, every soldier will die at the foot of the flag-staff.

To die at the foot of flag-staffs is indeed sublime and beautiful, and we do not find fault with the abstract idea. Neither does the patriotism of the virtuous determination offend us. We think that a few deaths at the feet of flag-staffs would be good for the Union, (which certainly needs something) if they were deaths, in fact, and not mere rhetorical disquisitions.

But we have noted that the expression of heroic sentiments is often not followed by performance.

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook Unless the deed go with it."

And as the probability of an attack upon Fort Kearney by the secessionists is yet remote, why let fly the purpose of dying at the foot of the flag-staff?

There has been a great deal of this sort of devotion to the country shown, since our troubles began, and perhaps familiarly has bred contempt for the prevalent virtue.

In Congress, an hundred speeches have been made (not to mention those undelivered speeches which still clog the brains of members), and every speaker has expressed a wish to die in some form or other, if his death will at all assist to keep the Union going. All over the country, the already dead—and this we consider a remarkable sacrifice—have reascended themselves, and offered to die over again for the Union. But so far there has been very little dying done. The only case which has come to our knowledge is that of an unhappy person in Mississippi who shot himself in order to save his country. If it would occur to some of our other devoted patriots to follow that bright example, who knows but the country might be saved. For ourselves, we will not die, if reasonable exertion can avoid it, for any Union whatsoever. But we will nobly offer up our friends, and we think this is all that could be asked. For the soldiers of the regular service, indeed—if they perish in our defence, we take no merit in the act. They were enlisted for such a length of time, for so much a month. If any die at the feet of flag-staffs, in preference to having the stars and stripes hauled down, that is no honor to us.

We fly to serene and selfish philosophy, because we believe that it says all other people mean, while they say a great deal more. But however we insist upon our cakes and ale, we do not demand that other people shall indulge in sinful luxuries, publicly. They can still drink wine privately and preach water to their fellow men. Only we give them warning that we do not think their way of saving the Union is any better than ours.

An aged politician has twice shed tears—tears as the saline boilings of his youth—over the pangs of the Union. That was very good, and so were other effusions of sentiment and sympathy, which have been common. But in the meantime, State after State has seceded; bandits have seized the federal arsenals in Cottonland, and thieves have plundered the mint at New Orleans. It occurs to ask—whether all this weeping and wailing, and yearning to die has done more good than the cheerfulness of honest persons, who have not appeared unto men to fast?

We long, in effect, for a little expression of the sincere selfishness which animates people in regard to the Union. Nobody, this side of dotage, reveres the mere idea of a Union. We love the Union, because it has assisted the development of American individual greatness. If the aggregate manhood has outgrown it—it is dissolved. If we are better without it, it ought to be hated, not loved.

Nothing illustrates more thoroughly the utter hypocrisy of the cant of Unionism, than the fact that the most blatant Union sentimentalists in the North, are the men who have fraternized in principle with the secessionists, and have denounced every attempt to execute the laws, in the virtue of which the Union alone exists.

Regard for a moment the devotion of our Democratic brethren to the Union! What a noble, sincere and logical thing it is!

Let us have no more talk about dying around flag-staffs and all that, for nobody will really do anything of the kind for the Union—nobody from the soldiers in the beleaguered forts down to James Buchanan in the cabinet. Each will try to do what is safest and best for himself. If the members of the garrisons are killed, it will be as soldiers and not as patriots, particularly, if any Union-saving civilian is offered up, it will be as a victim and not as a martyr.

## COLORED EMIGRATION TO HAYTI.—The Haytian Bureau of Emigration of this city has chartered the American brig Mary A. Jones to carry emigrants to Hayti. Over fifty names are entered. Forty of them are exiles from South Carolina, who have formed themselves into a cotton raising colony, and also into a church organization, of which Rev. Mr. Lewis (colored) is the Methodist Episcopal body has been elected pastor. They will depart from this port next Saturday, and will probably settle at St. Mark, (at present the best location for emigrants,) or near Cape Hayti, in the north of the island.—Boston Atlas, February 18.

THE PEACE CONGRESS continues to drag its slow length along. It is a toy that amuses the people, and gains time.

## WASHINGTON NEWS.

February 22.

A most cowardly and brutal assault was made, about half-past 11 o'clock last night, upon Hon. Van Wyck, member of Congress from the West Point district, N. Y., by three ruffians, armed with bowie knives. Mr. Van Wyck had just left the residence of Senator King, on Capitol Hill, and was passing down by the north wing of the Capitol to his lodgings, when a stout built man came up behind him, and struck him with a bowie-knife in the breast over the heart. The knife penetrated the outside and inside coats, passing through a folded copy of the Globe, and then

seemingly through a thick memorandum book, both of which were in the breast pocket of his frock coat, not quite reaching the skin.

Mr. Van Wyck struck the man a blow under the jaw which staggered him, when the second ruffian struck a blow at Mr. Van Wyck with a bowie-knife, which the latter caught in his left hand, making a terrible gash across the palm. At the same time he (Van Wyck) knocked the fellow down with his right, and instantly drew a revolver and shot the first ruffian, who dropped and was caught by his friends.

The third ruffian knocked Mr. Van Wyck with his fist. This blow, together with the effect of the of the one he first received, and especially from the profuse bleeding of his hand, weakened him very much, and observing that the ruffians were making haste to escape with their wounded companion, who appeared to him quite helpless, he sank himself, almost exhausted upon the sidewalk, and did not rise again. But as soon as he gathered sufficient strength he made his way to his hotel, which he did not reach till after twelve this morning.

He said very little about the affair, except to one or two confidential friends—Dr. Lee of the House, who dressed his wound, and to the police, in the hope that the parties might be discovered; but up to to-night no trace of their whereabouts has been ascertained.

Mr. Van Wyck is quite nervous this evening, and is suffering considerable pain from the wound in his hand, but is in no serious danger.